



Suspicious



18 0 1

Chapter 1 by Aldo Crespo

He was just there staring at the sea. Just wondering, under thousands of spectating stars, how would life continue after all this. He tossed a rock into an incoming wave. A sigh marked the end of his meditation.

He stood up, still undecided, but hungry. Headed to his favorite dinner at 11 pm. He has been going there since he was 24, so for the last 6 years, that dinner has been his temple of peace.

"Hi John" said Wendy, in a soft i-don't-care tone of voice, as he walked in. Looking at him from behind the bar of the dinner.

"Hi Wendy" answered John while closing the door.

"The same as usual?" she asked with the same lack of enthusiasm.

"Yup" Said John sitting on a stool

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